

The Historie

Cosen on wednesday next our counsell we wil hold
At Windfore, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my liege.

Exeunt.

Enter prince of Wales, and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Falst. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaunde that truelie
which thou wouldest truelie knowe. What a diuell hast thou to
do with the time of the daie? vnles houres were cups of sacke,
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne
himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-couloired taffata; I see no
reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demaunde the
time of the day.

Falst. Indeepe you come neere me nowe *Hal*, for wee that
take purses go by the moone and the seuen stars, and not by
Phœbus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweet
wag when thou art a king, as God saue thy grace: maiestie I
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falst. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prin. Wel, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falst. Marry then sweet wag, when thou art king let not vs
that are squiers of the nights bodie, bee called theeues of the
daies beauty: let vs be *Dianas* Forresters, gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say wee be men of
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenaunce
we steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holds wel to, for the fortune
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now
a purse

of Henrie the

a purse of gold most resolutely fina-
most dissolutely spent on tuesday
lay by, and spent with crying, bring
as the foot of the ladder, and by an
ridge of the gallowes.

Falst. By the Lord thou saist tru
of the tauerne a most sweet wench

Prin. As the hony of *Hבל* my
not a buffe Ierkin a most sweet rob

Falst. How now, how nowe m
and thy quiddities? what a plague
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue
the tauerne?

Falst. Well, thou hast cald her
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee

Falst. No, ile giue thee thy due

Prin. Yea and else where, so far
and where it would not, I haue vse

Falst. Yea, and so vs'd it that wen
thou art heire apparant. But I preth
gallowes standing in England whe
lution thus subd as it is with the rus
ticke the law, do not thou when th

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? Or are I by the Lo

Prin. Thou iudgest false already
the hanging of the theeues, and so

Falst. Well *Hall* well, and in so
humour, as well as waighting in th

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Falst. Yea, for obtaining of suite
hath no leane wardrob. Zbloud I
Cat, or a lugg beare.

Prin. Or an old lyon, or a loder

Falst. Yea, or the drone of a Lin

Prince. What saiest thou to a H